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ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking the Grade 12 Examination in English 33 in Alberta, Canada, this reading test (to be administered along with the questions booklet) contains 8 short reading selections taken from fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and drama, including the following: an excerpt from "Circus Nerves" (Eric Nicol); "Follower" (Seamus Heaney); an excerpt from "Bad Seed" (Maxwell Anderson); six short nonfiction selections: "The Highway" (Ray Bradbury); "The Thrushes Do Not Die Out" (Walter Bauer); an evaluation request and letter written in response to it; sample memos and sales ads; and "Fall in a Day's Work" (Audrey Grescoe). (EL)

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READINGS BOOKLET

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1985

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33

PART B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 65 questions in the Questions Booklet and eight reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1985

I. Read "Circus Nerves" and answer questions 1 to 7 from your Questions Booklet.

CIRCUS NERVES

I went to the circus last night. It was a wonderful circus, but I didn't enjoy it. I worried too much.

I worried that the high wire artists would fall. I worried that the juggler would drop something. I worried that the elephants would drop something else. I worried about the trick cyclists, about the dog acts — even the clowns I worried about (I know how crushing it is to act silly and not get a laugh).

The circus performers all finished their turns without mishap and bounced away in fine fettle, but when I left I had gas. I had worried myself gaseous.

I should have known that a circus was no place for me. I am the world's worst worrier, even in the most routine situations. Even in church I'll worry that the beadle or boodle or whoever he is will drop the collection plate. On the highway I drive everybody else's car as well as my own. A strapless evening gown puts me in a state of ecstatic misery. In fact life provides very few situations in which I can't get in a good lick of worrying.

The time I went up to the second platform of the Eiffel Tower I had to come right down again. A lady was leaning over the rail with her handbag in her hand. I worried that the handbag would slip, the lady would lunge after it, I would lunge after the lady, and in accordance with Galileo's Law of Falling Bodies the handbag, the lady, and I would hit the ground in that order.

At the play I am a major worry-wart. The curtain goes up, a maid enters carrying a tray covered with tea service, and right away I am all winced up for the crash. When I write my stage play, as I shall any year now, I shall make sure that in no scene does any of the actors serve tea, climb a tree, brandish firearms, eat an apple, or toy with a letter opener. I would also like to rewrite *Hamlet* to cut out the dueling scene at the end, because when semi-professional companies do it I worry that somebody will get a semi-professional skewer in his mezzanine. I'd change it to a pillow fight.

By the same nervous token, ballet is ruined for me if the men's tights are too tight. When the lads come leaping out of the wings in a *grand jet* I'd be happier if they were wearing plus-fours. The women I don't worry about so much. You can't get into much trouble in one of those fluffy little skirts.

I don't know what term a psychiatrist would apply to my kind of worrying. As you can see, it's worrying about things that haven't happened, and to other people at that. Why should I worry that the concert violinist will get his nose caught in his bow? Let him get it caught, if he wants to! It's not my fiddle.

A lot of people don't suffer from any kind of worrying, otherwise there wouldn't be crowds at prizefights and auto races. You wouldn't find me dead at a prizefight or an auto race. I might look dead, but I'd just be worried stiff.

One thing I will say for the movies is that they spare me this kind of mental nail-biting. If an actor knocks over a wall in a film (in *Samson and Delilah* for example) I can be reasonably certain that the script called for it, and the collapse wasn't just due to flimsy scenery.

Continued

Still, I wish I could get over this drawback to live entertainment. As it is, nearly all the lines on my face are fretwork. And I may want to go to the circus again sometime, and really enjoy something besides the trained seals. Trained seals are so extrovert and low to the ground that nobody could worry about them, but can a person build a cultural life around trained seals? I must remember to worry about that.

Eric Nicol

II. Read "Follower" and answer questions 8 to 12 from your Questions Booklet.

FOLLOWER

My father worked with a horse-plough,
His shoulders globed like a full sail strung
Between the shafts and the furrow.
The horses strained at his clicking tongue.

An expert. He would set the wing
And fit the bright steel-pointed sock.
The sod rolled over without breaking.
At the headrig, with a single pluck

Of reins, the sweating team turned round
And back into the land. His eye
Narrowed and angled at the ground,
Mapping the furrow exactly.

I stumbled in his hob-nailed wake,
Fell sometimes on the polished sod;
Sometimes he rode me on his back
Dipping and rising to his plod.

I wanted to grow up and plough,
To close one eye, stiffen my arm.
All I ever did was follow
In his broad shadow round the farm.

I was a nuisance, tripping, falling,
Yapping always. But today
It is my father who keeps stumbling
Behind me, and will not go away.

Seamus Heaney

III. Read the excerpt from *Bad Seed* and answer questions 13 to 25 from your Questions Booklet.

from BAD SEED

Christine's husband Kenneth Penmark has gone on a business trip, leaving Christine with their daughter Rhoda and with Monica Breedlove, her landlady and friend. Rhoda is about to leave for a school picnic with her teacher, Miss Fern. The following scene is set in the Penmark's apartment.

MONICA: Poor boy. He hates to go. And you hate to let him go.
CHRISTINE: I'm — not very self-sufficient.
MONICA: You're in love, both of you, you lucky characters. . . . Oh, by the way, nobody has to take Rhoda to the bus, because I made some cupcakes for Miss Fern, and she's coming by to pick them up.
CHRISTINE: Oh, good.
MONICA (*To* RHODA): But before she comes I have two little presents for you, my darling.
RHODA: Presents?
MONICA: The first is from Emory. It's a pair of dark glasses with rhinestone decorations, and he said to tell you they're intended to keep the sun out of those pretty blue eyes. (*She produces the glasses, and* RHODA *goes toward her with an eager expression which her mother knows as* RHODA*'s "acquisitive look"*) I'll try them on you. (RHODA *stands obediently while* MONICA *adjusts the glasses*) Now who is this glamorous Hollywood actress? Can it really be little Rhoda Penmark who lives with her delightful parents on the first floor of my apartment house?
RHODA (*Looking at her reflection in the glass of a picture*): I like them. Where's the case?
MONICA: Here it is. And now for the second prize, which is from me. (*She takes from her purse a little gold heart with a chain attached*) This was given to me when I was eight years old, and it's a little young for me now, but it's still just right for an eight-year-old. However, it has a garnet set in it, and we'll have to change that for a turquoise, since turquoise is your birthstone. So I'll have it changed and cleaned, and then it's yours.
RHODA: Could I have both stones? The garnet, too?
CHRISTINE: Rhoda! Rhoda! What a —
MONICA (*Laughing*): But of course you may! How wonderful to meet such a natural little girl! She knows what she wants and asks for it — not like these overcivilized little pets that have to go through analysis before they can choose an ice cream soda!
(RHODA *goes to her, puts her arms around her waist and hugs her with an intensity which gives* MONICA *great delight*)
RHODA (*Purring*): Aunt Monica! Dear, sweet Aunt Monica! (MONICA *is completely captivated, but* CHRISTINE *looks on with a slightly skeptical and concerned attitude. She knows that* RHODA *is not really affectionate, that she is acting*)

Continued

MONICA: I know I'm behind the times, but I thought children wore coveralls and play-suits to picnics. Now you, my love, look like a princess in that red and white dotted Swiss. Tell me, aren't you afraid you'll get it dirty? Or fall and scuff those new shoes?

CHRISTINE: She won't soil the dress and she won't scuff the shoes. Rhoda never gets anything dirty, though how she manages it, I don't know.

RHODA: I don't like coveralls. They're not —

(*She hesitates*)

MONICA: You mean coveralls aren't quite ladylike, don't you, my darling? (*She embraces the tolerant* RHODA *again*) Oh, you old-fashioned little dear!

RHODA (*Looking at the locket*): Am I to keep this now?

MONICA: You're to keep it till I find out where I can get the stone changed.

RHODA: Then I'll put it in my box.

(*She goes to her table, opens a drawer and takes out a box which once held Swiss chocolates. She opens it and places the locket carefully inside. A voice says "Leroy" as the door swings open. The houseman, or* JANITOR, *stands in the doorway*)

LEROY: Guess I'm pretty early, Mrs. Penmark, but it's my day for doing the windows on this side.

CHRISTINE: Oh, yes, you can begin in the bedrooms, Leroy.

LEROY (*To* MONICA): Excuse me, ma'am. (*To* RHODA) Mornin'.

(*He crosses through to the inner hall with pail and paraphernalia.* RHODA *skips across the room*)

RHODA: I like garnets, but I like turquoise better.

MONICA: You sound like Fred Astaire, tap-tapping across the room. What have you got on your shoes?

RHODA: I run over my heels, and mother had these iron pieces put on so they'd last longer.

CHRISTINE: I'm afraid I can't take any credit. It was Rhoda's idea entirely.

RHODA: I think they're very nice. They save money.

MONICA: Oh, you penurious little sweetheart! But I'll tell you one thing, Rhoda, I think you worry too much when you're not the very best at everything. That's one reason Emory and I thought you should have some presents today. You wanted that penmanship medal very much, didn't you?

RHODA: It's the only gold medal Miss Fern gives. And it was really mine. Everybody knew I wrote the best hand and I should have had it.

(LEROY *comes through toward the kitchen with his pail*)

LEROY: 'Scuse me, just gettin' some water.

(*He goes to the kitchen*)

RHODA: I just don't see why Claude Daigle got the medal.

CHRISTINE: These things happen to us all the time, Rhoda, and when they do we simply accept them. I've told you to forget the whole thing.

(*She puts an arm around* RHODA, *trying to soften her.* RHODA *pulls away impatiently*) I'm sorry. I know you don't like people pawing over you.

RHODA: It was mine! The medal was mine!

CHRISTINE: Try to forget it, Rhoda. Put it out of your mind.

Continued

RHODA (*Stamping in anger*): I won't! I won't! I won't!

(LEROY *comes out of the kitchen with his pail, passes near* RHODA, *and manages to spill a splash of water on her shoes*)

MONICA: Leroy! Have you completely lost your senses? You spilled water on Rhoda's shoes!

LEROY: I'm sorry, ma'am. I guess I was just trying to hurry.

(*In turning he spills more water on the floor near* CHRISTINE)

MONICA: Leroy!

LEROY: I'm sorry, Mis' Breedlove.

(*Kneels*)

MONICA (*Under her breath*): One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! Leroy, I own this apartment house! I employ you! I've tried to give you the benefit of every doubt! I've thought of you as emotionally immature, torn by irrational rages, a bit on the psychopathic side! But after this demonstration I think my diagnosis was entirely too mild! You're definitely a schizophrenic with paranoid overtones! I've had quite enough of your discourtesy and surliness — and so have the tenants in the building! My brother Emory has wanted to discharge you! I've been on your side, though with misgivings! I shall protect you no longer!

CHRISTINE: He didn't mean it, Monica. It was an accident, I'm sure it was.

RHODA: He meant to do it! I know Leroy well.

MONICA: It was no accident, Christine! It was deliberate — the spiteful act of a neurotic child!

RHODA: He meant to do it. (*To* LEROY) You made up your mind to do it when you went through the room.

CHRISTINE: Rhoda!

RHODA: I was looking at you when you made up your mind to wet us.

LEROY: Oh, I never, I never, I'm just clumsy!

(*He takes out his handkerchief and cleans* RHODA*'s shoes*)

CHRISTINE (*Not wishing the man to humble himself*): Oh, Leroy, please, please!

(RHODA *draws away*)

MONICA: My patience is at an end, and you may as well know it. Go about your work!

LEROY: Yes, ma'am.

(*He goes out*)

MONICA: He has the mind of an eight-year-old, but he's managed to produce a family so I keep him on.

(*The doorbell rings. . . They go into the kitchen together.* LEROY *comes in with pail and brush, and opens one of the windows, muttering to himself*)

LEROY: That know-it-all, that Monica Breedlove, she don't think nobody knows anything but her. I'll show that dame plenty. And that young trough-fed Mrs. Penmark. . . . Now Rhoda's smart. That's a smart little girl. She's almost as smart as I am. She sees through me and I see through her.

Maxwell Anderson

IV. Read the following materials and answer questions 26 to 33 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin and two roommates rotate menu planning, grocery shopping, and cooking duties every week in addition to sharing other household chores. This week it is Robin's turn to carry out these tasks. In preparation, Robin has collected the following materials:

P — a letter from a friend who will be visiting
Q — memos with special instructions from each of her roommates
R — a copy of *Judy Brudy's Choice Cookery and Nutrition Book*
S — a copy of the *Canada Food Guide*
T — seven dinner menus (one for each day of the week)
U — four leaflets advertising sales at local grocery stores

P. Letter

Flowerbud, Alberta
June 20, 1985

Dear Robin

I'm so happy to hear that you're finally all settled in and starting to feel comfortable in Nalwen. I'm sure the move must have been hard on you at first, but you make friends so quickly, I knew you'd soon feel right at home.

Speaking of friends, it must be so exciting to move in with two new roommates. Wow! I can just imagine. Life must be a ball for you now that you are on your own. I'm jealous and bored... life at home is okay, but I'm anxious to be on my own.

Which brings me to the reason for writing. Guess what? I'm coming for a visit this weekend. I knew you'd want me to visit just as soon as I could and now's as good a time as any. You and your roommates can introduce me to life in the fast lane - no cares or responsibilities - here I come!

Looking forward to a fun weekend,

Linda

P.S. Just in case you plan to serve any fattening desserts or sugary sweets, don't forget I'm diabetic.

Continued

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Q. Memos

Robin:

- use bananas and lettuce (bordering on rotten)
- please buy: natural yogurt, crunchy granola bars, chocolate cookies (can't resist)
- don't forget I'm on a diet!
- we need laundry detergent (laundry day- it's your turn) Now!

Sally

P.S. I'm glad it's your turn this week - these duties take a lot of spare time. I've pinned my $35.00 grocery cheque to the bulletin board.

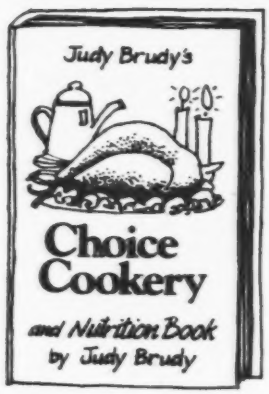
Hi Robin!

- no red meat if possible, I'm trying to become a vegetarian.
- request for fruitloops and chocolate chip cookies.
- absolutely no turnips, brussels sprouts, cabbage, broccoli, onions or garlic UGH! YUK!
- we will need lunch bags soon.
- don't forget to wash the floor and vacuum sometime this weekend.
- my cheque for $35.00 for the week is on your desk.

Smile!

Jane

R.



Judy Brudy's Choice Cookery and Nutrition Book, by Judy Brudy, the health columnist for the *Globe and Times*, provides information to a wide range of readers in an exciting and appealing fashion. She has successfully combined a series of recipes including glamorous gourmet hors d'oeuvres, vegetarian specialities, low calorie selections, as well as recipes that can be enjoyed by those who want to lower their fat, sugar, and salt intake (ideal for diabetics). Menu planning, cooking tips, and detailed illustrations are also included. (Times of Our Lives Publishers, 1985, $9.99)

Continued

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S. Canada Food Guide (daily recommendation)

Milk and Milk Products

Young Adults: 3-4 servings
Pregnant or Nursing Women: 3-4 servings
Adults: 2 servings

Some examples of one serving:

- 250 mL (1 cup) milk
- 45 g (1½ oz.) cheddar or process cheese

Meat and Alternatives

2 servings of poultry, fish, liver, meat, peanut butter, dried peas, beans or lentils, nuts, cheese, or eggs

Some examples of one serving:

- 60 to 90 g (2-3 oz.) cooked lean meat, fish, poultry, or liver
- 250 mL (1 cup) cooked dried peas, beans, or lentils
- 60 g (2 oz.) cheddar cheese

Breads and Cereals

3-5 servings of breads, cereals, rice, or pasta

Some examples of one serving:

- 1 slice bread
- 1 roll or muffin
- 125 to 175 mL (½-¾ cup) cooked rice, macaroni, spaghetti, or noodles

Fruits and Vegetables

4-5 servings
Include at least 2 vegetables. Choose a variety of both vegetables and fruits – cooked, raw, or their juices.

Some examples of one serving:

1 medium-sized potato, carrot, tomato, peach, apple, orange, or banana

Continued

T. This Week's Menus

MENU 1
Hotdogs (2 each)
Hotdog buns (2 each)
Pork 'n' beans
Strawberry ice cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

MENU 2
Poached fish (6 oz. each)
Macaroni & cheese
Green peas
French bread/butter
Apple crisp
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

MENU 3
Hamburger patties (2 each)
French fries
Corn fritters (3 each)
Chocolate milkshake
Sundae supreme

MENU 4
Baked chicken
Parslied carrots
Salad (French dressing)
Whole wheat buns/butter
Fresh fruit
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

MENU 5
Pork chops (2 each)
Fried rice
Corn niblets
Brussels sprouts
Whole wheat rolls/butter
Banana cream pie
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

MENU 6
Tuna & cheese quiche
Scalloped potatoes
Steamed broccoli
French bread/butter
Jello and/or fresh fruit
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

MENU 7
Spaghetti
Spaghetti sauce
Garlic toast
Apple pie & ice cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

U. **Sales Ads from Grocery Stores**

REAL FOODS
THE ONE FOOD STORE FOR ALL YOUR NEEDS!
Check these bargains!
SUDZ LAUNDRY DETERGENT 10L $9.49
COOKIE JAR ASSORTED COOKIES chocolate chip, oatmeal, shortbread creme 1.2 kg $1.29
MACARONI & CHEESE DINNER 2 for .99¢
BRUSSELS SPROUTS $1.52 kg
CHEESE SLICES - SINGLES 1 kg pkg. $2.99
JUMBO ONIONS Canada #1 .73¢ kg
Canada Fancy APPLES $2.40
WIENERS reg. or smoked 450 g $1.89
FABRIC SOFTENER concentrated 2L $3.49
CHICKEN BONELESS BREAST $2.40 kg
SATISFIED AND SHOWING IT!

GIC
CHECK OUR SAVINGS AND SAVE MONEY!
"your best region and GIC mark!"
UTILITY CHICKENS $3.64 kg
PORK LOIN CHOPS $3.73 kg
HAMBURGER PATTIES 500 g $1.99
TROUT $4.17 kg FRESH FROZEN
FLAKED LIGHT TUNA 170g $1.79
LAUNDRY DETERGENT 12L $9.49
CORN NIBLETS 2 cans for .99¢
POTATOES Canada #2 $2.49 10 kg bag
BRICK CHEESE $4.89 kg
FRESHLY BAKED BREADS AND ROLLS AT LOW LOW PRICES
"NATURE'S VERY BEST" produce at GIC stores all week (ends June 26, 1985)

Safety Save FOOD STORE
BRINGING YOU MORE SAVINGS AT THE SAFE FOOD STORE
CHICKEN THIGHS OR WINGS $2.40 kg
GROUND BEEF (REGULAR) 2.40 kg
PORK LOIN (IDEAL FOR CHOPS!) 3.28 kg
FROZEN FISH FILLETS 3.28 kg
PORK 'N' BEANS 284 mL TINS 3 for $1.29
GREEN BEANS 284 mL TINS 3 for .99¢
CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES 600g $1.99
GRANOLA BARS pkg. of 6 $1.39
FROZEN FRENCH FRIES 300 g $2.99
SALAD DRESSING ASST. FLAVORS 284 mL 3 1.09
INSTANT PUDDING ASST. FLAVORS 2 for .69¢
NAVEL ORANGES (SEEDLESS) .86¢ kg

DAN'S CORNER GROCERY
PEARS $1.08 kg
BANANAS .97¢ kg
BLADE STEAK Grade 'A' beef $2.40 kg
WIENERS regular or all beef 450g $1.89
CRABMEAT 150g can $3.49
COCKTAIL SHRIMP 300g can $3.49
CORN (CREAMSTYLE) 284 mL 3 for .89¢
INSTANT PUDDING assorted flavors 92g 3 for .79¢
LETTUCE .29¢ each
SAUSAGE STICKS 250g $1.29
SIDE BACON 500g $2.39

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V. Read "The Highway" and answer questions 34 to 46 from your Questions Booklet.

THE HIGHWAY

The cooling afternoon rain had come over the valley, touching the corn in the tilled mountain fields, tapping on the dry grass roof of the hut. In the rainy darkness the woman ground corn between cakes of lava rock, working steadily. In the wet lightlessness, somewhere, a baby cried.

Hernando stood waiting for the rain to cease so he might take the wooden plow into the field again. Below, the river boiled brown and thickened in its course. The concrete highway, another river, did not flow at all; it lay shining, empty. A car had not come along it in an hour. This was, in itself, of unusual interest. Over the years there had not been an hour when a car had not pulled up, someone shouting, "Hey there, can we take your picture?" Someone with a box that clicked, and a coin in his hand. If he walked slowly across the field without his hat, sometimes they called, "Oh, we want you with your hat on!" And they waved their hands, rich with gold things that told time, or identified them, or did nothing at all but wink like spider's eyes in the sun. So he would turn and go back to get his hat.

His wife spoke. "Something is wrong, Hernando?"

"Si. The road. Something big has happened. Something big to make the road so empty this way."

He walked from the hut slowly and easily, the rain washing over the twined shoes of grass and thick tire rubber he wore. He remembered very well the incident of this pair of shoes. The tire had come into the hut with violence one night, exploding the chickens and the pots apart! It had come alone, rolling swiftly. The car, off which it had come, had rushed on, as far as the curve, and hung a moment, headlights reflected, before plunging into the river. The car was still there. One might see it on a good day, when the river ran slow and the mud cleared. Deep under, its metal shining, long and low and very rich, lay the car. But then the mud came in again and you saw nothing.

The following day he had carved the shoe soles from the tire rubber.

He reached the highway now, and stood upon it, listening to the small sounds it made in the rain.

Then, suddenly, as if at a signal, the cars came. Hundreds of them, miles of them, rushing and rushing as he stood, by and by him. The big long black cars heading north toward the United States, roaring, taking the curves at too great a speed. With a ceaseless blowing and honking. And there was something about the faces of the people packed into the cars, something which dropped him into a deep silence. He stood back to let the cars roar on. He counted them until he tired. Five hundred, a thousand cars passed, and there was something in the faces of all of them. But they moved too swiftly for him to tell what this thing was.

Finally the silence and emptiness returned. The swift long low convertible cars were gone. He heard the last horn fade.

It had been like a funeral cortège. But a wild one, racing, hair out, screaming to some ceremony ever northward. Why? He could only shake his head and rub his fingers softly, at his sides.

Now, all alone, a final car. There was something very, very final about it. Down

the mountain road in the thin cool rain, fuming up great clouds of steam, came an old Ford. It was travelling as swiftly as it might. He expected it to break apart any instant. When this ancient Ford saw Hernando it pulled up, caked with mud and rusted, the radiator bubbling angrily.

"May we have some water, please, señor!"

A young man, perhaps twenty-one, was driving. He wore a yellow sweater, an open-collared white shirt and gray pants. In the topless car the rain fell upon him and five young women packed so they could not move in the interior. They were all very pretty and they were keeping the rain from themselves and the driver with old newspapers. But the rain got through to them, soaking their bright dresses, soaking the young man. His hair was plastered with rain. But they did not seem to care. None complained, and this was unusual. Always before they complained; of rain, of heat, of time, of cold, of distance.

Hernando nodded. "I'll bring you water."

"Oh, please hurry!" one of the girls cried. She sounded very high and afraid. There was no impatience in her, only an asking out of fear. For the first time Hernando ran when a tourist asked; always before he had walked slower at such requests.

He returned with a hub lid full of water. This, too, had been a gift from the highway. One afternoon it had sailed like a flung coin into his field, round and glittering. The car to which it belonged had slid on, oblivious to the fact that it had lost a silver eye. Until now, he and his wife had used it for washing and cooking; it made a fine bowl.

As he poured the water into the boiling radiator, Hernando looked up at their stricken faces. "Oh, thank you, thank you," said one of the girls. "You don't know what this means."

Hernando smiled. "So much traffic in this hour. It all goes one way. North."

He did not mean to say anything to hurt them. But when he looked up again there all of them sat, in the rain, and they were crying. They were crying very hard. And the young man was trying to stop them by laying his hands on their shoulders and shaking them gently, one at a time, but they held their papers over their heads and their mouths moved and their eyes were shut and their faces changed color and they cried, some aloud, some soft.

Hernando stood with the half-empty lid in his fingers. "I did not mean to say anything, señor," he apologized.

"That's all right," said the driver.

"What is wrong, señor?"

"Haven't you heard?" replied the young man, turning, holding tightly to the wheel with one hand, leaning forward. "It's happened."

This was bad. The others, at this, cried still harder, holding onto each other, forgetting the newspapers, letting the rain fall and mingle with their tears.

Hernando stiffened. He put the rest of the water into the radiator. He looked at the sky, which was black with storm. He looked at the river rushing. He felt the asphalt under his shoes.

He came to the side of the car. The young man took his hand and gave him a

Continued

peso. "No." Hernando gave it back. "It is my pleasure."

"Thank you, you're so kind," said one of the girls, still sobbing. "Oh, Mama, Papa. Oh, I want to be home, I want to be home. Oh, Mama, Dad." And others held her.

"I did not hear, señor," said Hernando quietly.

"The war!" shouted the young man as if no one could hear. "It's come, the atom war, the end of the world!"

"Señor, señor," said Hernando.

"Thank you, thank you for your help. Good-by," said the young man.

"Good-by," they all said in the rain, not seeing him.

He stood while the car engaged its gears and rattled off down, fading away, through the valley. Finally it was gone, with the young women in it, the last car, the newspapers held and fluttered over their heads.

Hernando did not move for a long time. The rain ran very cold down his cheeks and along his fingers and into the woven garment on his legs. He held his breath, waiting, tight and tensed.

He watched the highway, but it did not move again. He doubted that it would move much for a very long time.

The rain stopped. The sky broke through the clouds. In ten minutes the storm was gone, like a bad breath. A sweet wind blew the smell of the jungle up to him. He could hear the river moving gently and easily on its way. The jungle was very green; everything was fresh. He walked down through the field to his house and picked up his plow. With his hands on it he looked at the sky beginning to burn hot with the sun.

His wife called out from her work. "What happened, Hernando?"

"It is nothing," he replied.

He set the plow in the furrow, he called sharply to his burro, "Burrrrrrr-o!" And they walked together through the rich field, under the clearing sky, on their tilled land by the deep river.

"What do they mean, 'the world'?" he said.

Ray Bradbury

VI. Read "The Thrushes Do Not Die Out" and answer questions 47 to 54 from your Questions Booklet.

THE THRUSHES DO NOT DIE OUT

1
They have hunted down
The poet.
Yes, they have killed him,
The good-for-nothing, him
Who irritated everybody.
All the nine-to-five men,
All the dutiful housewives —
They have disposed of him.
Yes, like a boy with a slingshot
Who shatters the flight of the thrush
And then, with a shrug,
Kicks
The dead songs into a ditch —
That's how they killed him.
They could not bear his singing
While they slaved
To pay off their mortgages
On the house, on the car,
On their lives.
Yes, they have killed him.
There he lies now in a ditch, now
Their world is exactly
The kind of world they want:
A godforsaken place, good
For making money, good
For growing fat and old without joy.
That's what they wanted, they have no
Regrets at all. They killed him
To get rid of him,
He disturbed them: he wasn't like them.

2
Later a scholar found
A bunch of manuscripts
In the ditch — that is to say
In a miserable room,
And he had them published
With his own assiduous annotations:[1]

Continued

[1]assiduous annotations — carefully prepared explanatory notes

He had discovered a dead poet
Ignored by his contemporaries
There you are, they said,
We always knew there was something

Something quite special in his voice.
Only, why wasn't he like us,
Regular, from nine to five?
He could've made a decent living.
The domestic animals said to the thrush:
Live without wings,
Fly without song.

3
Still later
They put up his statue
And the speaker,
A regular nine-to-five man,
Talked of the eternal
Poet.
Everyone felt elevated.

4
The time came
When no one any longer paid
Any attention to the statue.
Occasionally a thrush
Would settle on his shoulder
And sing into the dead ear
Of the poet.

5
Later still
A young man discovered
The dead poet's verses
And said, why did I
Not know him? He would've been
My friend,
Yes, he is my friend, I will
Follow in his footsteps, I will
Sing, I will
Not be a nine-to-five man.
Ah, my dead friend, he called,
You have lit up the world for me.

Continued

6
Then they started the hunt
All over again.
They will bring him down alright,
Yes, not to worry
They will kill him.
This, they say,
Is no place for thrushes.

7
But the thrushes
Do not die out.

Walter Bauer
(translated from the German by *Henry Beissel*)

VII. Read the following evaluation request and the draft of a letter written in response to it. Answer questions 55 to 59 from your Questions Booklet.

Percy J. Young Consultants Ltd.,
MacDonald-Blodget Bldg.,
Edmonton, Alberta

EVALUATION OF WORKSHOP ON SEEKING EMPLOYMENT

On June 14 and 15, 1985 you attended our weekend workshop on seeking employment. We hope that you found it useful and interesting, and that it will help you find suitable employment in the near future. We would appreciate your evaluation of the workshop as it was presented. Did it provide you with useful information? Was it well organized and well presented? What areas should be expanded? What was missing that should have been included? What areas should be reduced, or perhaps omitted entirely?

Any comments or suggestions you care to give us will be used to improve the quality of future presentations. Indicate in your letter whether or not you would like to receive information about our new workshop, and about how your suggestions have helped us to make improvements. Please send your evaluation to the above address, attention: J. J. Bellamy.

Continued

June 25, 1985

Percy J. Young Consultants
MacDonald-Blodget Building,
Edmonton, Alberta

ROUGH DRAFT

Dear Mr. Young,

U. I thought your workshop was quite interesting.

V. It was nice to have lunch brought in. Talking to the other kids and finding out where they had looked for jobs and what they were going to do was helpful; the lunch was good too.

W. The man that talked on Saturday morning told us there were jobs a lot of places we had already tried and there weren't. ~~He could of given some time to the other lady since he told us a lot of things we didn't need to know.~~

X. One of the best things was the lady on Saturday afternoon that told us how to pick out jobs to apply for so we wouldn't apply for jobs we couldn't do if we did get them. She was so helpful that it would have been good if she had more time.

Y. The lady on Friday said we should dress neat and be sure our hair was combed and not use bad language and like that, but we already knew that so she was wasting her time. She had some good stories, though.

Z. I hope this helps you build a better course next time.

Yours truly,

John Delbert

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

VIII. Read "Fall in a Day's Work" and answer questions 60 to 65 from your Questions Booklet.

FALL IN A DAY'S WORK

HOLLYWOOD NORTH — Scene: A warehouse workshop in North Vancouver. Just inside the front door, there is a display case holding an odd collection: drinking glasses of various sizes and shapes, beer bottles and whisky flasks, pottery jugs and dinner plates, rocks, small branches that have been sharpened to a point, bones, spurs, a football and the bloody guts of an animal.

Beyond the reception area is a warehouse, two storeys high, outfitted with floor-to-ceiling shelves loaded with miscellaneous equipment and goods. A thick rope hangs from the roof. Wooden stairs lead to the second level, where there is a kitchen-like area with a large work table under bright lights. On a high shelf over the only window sits a skeleton with bits of flesh hanging from the bones. Other shelves hold barbed wire and rolls of chain-link fencing, huge boulders, ranks of beer, wine and liquor bottles, and a couple of circular saw blades. In another room, there is a white rabbit and a big black wolf, a wolf's head, open-mouthed with red tongue and pointy teeth, and more bloody guts.

Most of this isn't real; the barbed wire is a flexible plastic; the foam-filled boulders can be picked up by one person; and the sharpened sticks bend like rubber. The wolf head is a puppet that needs two men pulling the strings to make the jaw open and close, and the guts are a spongy plastic, modelled on the intestinal organs of a pig. It's all illusion for the movies.

Betty Thomas is the wizard who makes these illusions. When I arrive she is poking at the contents of two kettles simmering on a two-burner stove. In a few hours, when the clear plastic resin has liquefied, she'll pour it into moulds, which she'll turn by hand until the resin has set. Out will come bottles and glasses destined to be broken over someone's head. In another room, on large heated tables, she makes breakaway sheet glass, the kind you see people jump through. . . .

But I've come to meet the Betty Thomas who I've been told is the top movie stunt woman in Canada. In that specialty, Betty makes movie illusions by really doing things — like rolling down cliffs, or turning over a canoe in white water or jumping through one of those sheets of glass she makes. "I do burns, too," she says. And that's about as forthcoming as she gets about her stunt work without my prompting or her husband's. Perhaps it's harder to talk about stunts — gags, in the trade — than it is to talk about prop making.

Her promotional material shows a picture of her with both hands and forearms on fire. It also reveals that she is five-foot-two, weighs 105 pounds, has dark brown eyes and dark brown hair. It doesn't say that five years ago she was a legal secretary in Edmonton. . . . Betty met John Thomas one evening when she went to a Calgary hotel for dinner. John, who does special effects for his own company in North Vancouver, was working in Alberta on the first *Superman* film. (The wooden football in the display case is a memento of that movie; it was shot out of a catapult to simulate a Superman kick.) When the two were married, Betty moved to B.C., intending to sell real estate, but quickly found herself drawn into her husband's business.

Her start as a stunt woman was happenstance. While on the set of *Klondike Fever*,

she was asked to ride down the Fraser River in a boat with several other stunt people. "I'd been on sets by then and was aware of things required by stunt people. I was athletically inclined, level-headed and cool-headed. We did the ride a half-dozen times. I loved it."

Betty then started training with her husband. He taught her to do high falls off the roof of their warehouse into an air bag, and from lower levels into piles of cardboard boxes. "You just practise and practise," she says. "You have to look like you're falling, not like you're diving." . . .

John and Betty have often worked together on films. He rigged up the cables on which they rode together over the crest and down to the bottom of Wapta Falls in Yoho National Park. (That was for a movie called *Le Ruffian*, in which Betty was doubling for Claudia Cardinale.) John also co-ordinated the stunts and special effects for *The Aviator*, an American movie with Christopher Reeve filmed in Yugoslavia last year. Betty made the props (the wolves resting in the next room, for instance) and doubled for the heroine, who undergoes various hardships in mountainous terrain — such as escaping from an explosion and rolling down a cliff, a stunt Betty happily did several times.

As the person who plans the gags, John is extremely cautious. He spent a week plotting one of Betty's more daring stunts. It was for a movie called *Kelly*, in which Betty was doubling for one of two children who are dumped out of a canoe and swept over a falls into rapids. "It was a grade five rapid," says John. "That means it's uncanoeable. You can't get through without swamping the canoe." With the help of white water experts, John identified sauce holes, places where the current is so strong that a body would be held in and under. Then repeatedly the couple tossed logs and dummies into the river. "I could stand way up at the top of the cliff and think 'I have to try and avoid that spot,' " says Betty. "For days we practised turning over unexpectedly in the canoe."

The scene was shot once, with safety men at top and bottom and along the sides of the rapids, ready to come in if Betty and her fellow stunt man needed help. As usual they had tried to anticipate everything that could go awry: Concerned that their shoes would get caught between rocks, they had them loosely tied on with a thin piece of string. Indeed, Betty came out of the rapids minus one shoe, but with all else intact. "It was," says John, "a very successful shot."

Oddly, Betty's hairiest moment in the movies came in what was supposed to be a routine lake landing in a float plane. As the plane touched down it tipped and turned upside down. With characteristic nonchalance, Betty recalls that it was "a neat sensation" when the water started coming in the door of the plane. She wasn't thinking about being trapped; she says she just decided, "I'm going to get out of here now." It was 45 minutes before she and the pilot were rescued from their perch on the pontoons. The plane was a write-off but the unscripted scene was so dramatic that it was written into the movie.

Motherlode. Catch it in second runs. Watch for Betty. She's wearing a blonde wig.

Audrey Grescoe

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